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In Memoriam
Francis B. Hornbrooks, D. D.

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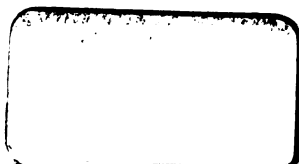


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GIFT OF

Mrs. F. B. Hornbrooke

27 April 1906



From

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New York April 18. 1906.



Francis B. Hornbrook

In Memoriam

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF THE

Rev. Francis Bickford Hornbrooke, D. D.

BY

HIS WIFE

Mrs. Orinda Althea Dudley Hornbrooke

TOGETHER WITH

A TRIBUTE BY HIS FRIEND

JAMES DeNORMANDIE, D. D.



NEWTON

NEWTON GRAPHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

1905

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Wife of
Mrs. F. B. Hornbrooke
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Copyright, 1905,
by
ORINDA A. D. HORNBOOKE.

FRANCIS BICKFORD HORN BROOKE.

Born, Wheeling, West Virginia, May 7, 1849.

Graduated, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, 1870.

Graduated, Union Theological Seminary, 1874.

Ordained, Union Congregational (Trinitarian) Church,
East Hampton, Connecticut, 1874.

Married, September 18, 1874, Cambridge, Massachusetts,
to Orinda Althea Dudley.

Son, Dudley Hornbrooke, born December 22, 1875.

Installed First Parish (Unitarian) Weston, Massachusetts,
1876.

Graduated, Harvard Divinity School, 1877.

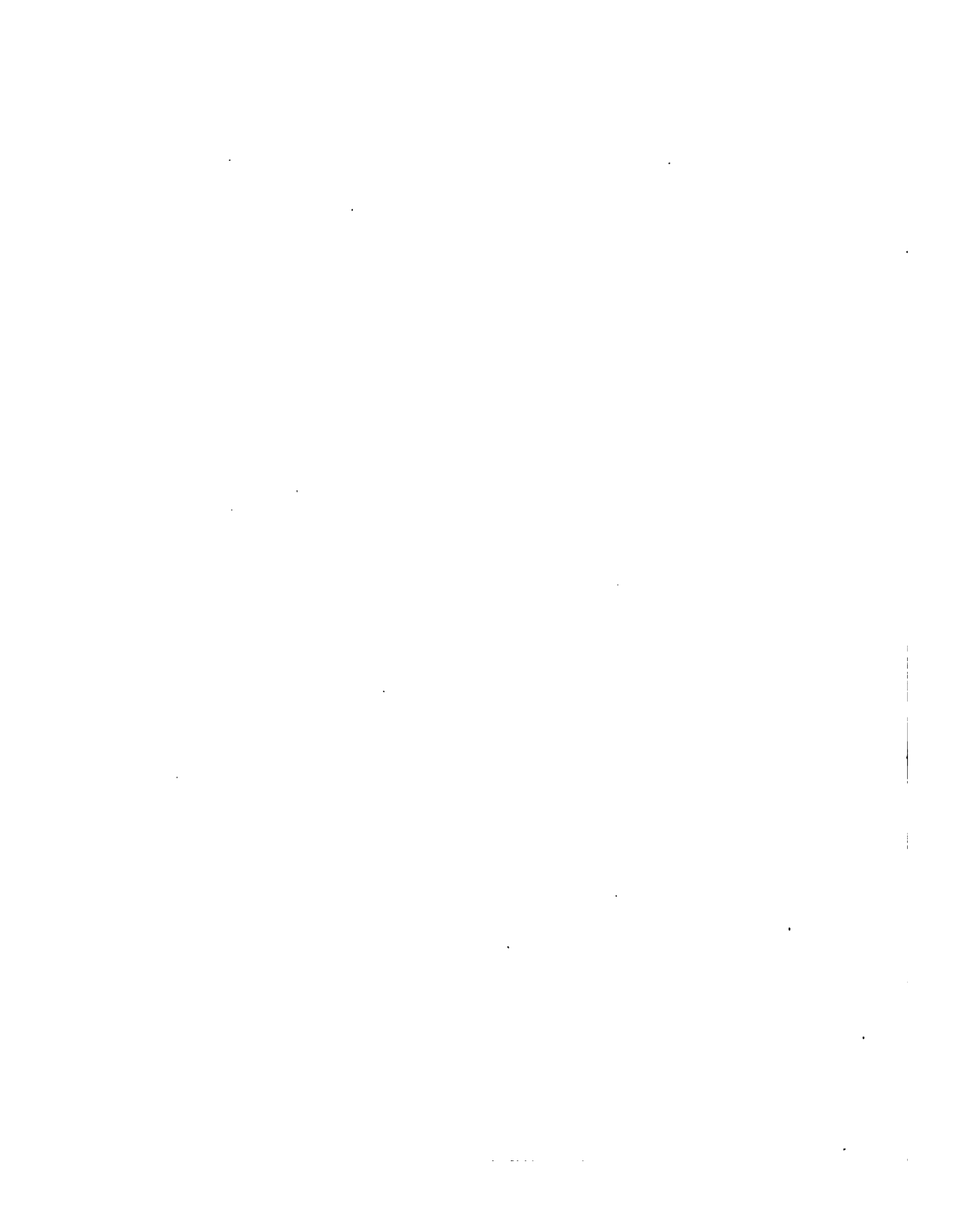
Installed, Channing Church, Newton, Massachusetts, 1879.

Younger son, Francis Bickford Hornbrooke, Jr., born
Christmas, 1879.

Degree of Doctor of Divinity, (Ohio University), 1899.

Resigned from Channing Church, June, 1900.

Died, Newton, December 5, 1903.



INTRODUCTION.

At the annual meeting of the Channing Religious Society next succeeding the death of Rev. Dr. Francis B. Hornbrooke, held February 1, 1904, it was voted, on motion of Mr. Charles H. Breck, "that a committee of six be appointed by the chair (the chairman to be one of the number) to draw up a memorial to Dr. Hornbrooke to be placed on the church records."

In pursuance of the above vote the following committee was appointed: Mr. Charles H. Breck, chairman; Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson, Messrs. Warren P. Tyler, Howard B. Coffin, Fred W. Stone and Frank H. Burt. Mr. Joseph N. Palmer, clerk of the Society, acted with the committee at their request.

The committee asked Mrs. Hornbrooke to assist them by furnishing data in regard to the life of her husband. Complying with this request she prepared the accompanying biographical sketch and placed it in the hands of the committee, intending it solely as an aid to them in their work. Upon reading the sketch it was the unanimous feeling of the committee that no more fitting memorial of the life and character of Dr. Hornbrooke could be prepared; and with Mrs. Hornbrooke's consent it was submitted to the Society at the annual Parish Meeting, February 6, 1905, with the following report:

"Your committee, appointed to prepare a memorial to Dr. Francis B. Hornbrooke, for twenty years the beloved pastor of this church, having secured from his widow the excellent biography herewith submitted, recommend that it be adopted as a permanent memorial and incorporated by reference in the records of the Channing Religious Society."

The action of the Society upon this report was as follows :

"In accordance with this recommendation it was unanimously voted that said biography be adopted as a permanent memorial, and that it be filed with the records of the Society ; and it was further voted that the thanks of the Society be extended to Mrs. Hornbrooke for preparing said biography, and that the clerk be instructed to transmit to her a copy of the report of said committee and these proceedings thereon."

Complying with a generally expressed wish of members of the parish, the committee determined to perpetuate the memorial of Dr. Hornbrooke by publishing it in the present form. Through Mrs. Hornbrooke and others, several photographs of Dr. Hornbrooke at various ages were secured, as well as pictures of the four churches in which he ministered. By the courtesy of Alston Ellis, Ph. D., LL.D., president of Ohio University, an excellent picture was obtained of the buildings of that institution, Dr. Hornbrooke's Alma Mater, as they existed at the period of his college course.

The tender and appreciative funeral address by Rev. James DeNormandie, D. D., minister of the First Parish in Roxbury, is appended to the sketch.

Who understands the mountain? Those whose homes are nestled in its protecting shadow, or those who watch its clouds and purpling shadows and see its majesty from afar off?

In trying to write of the noble and many-sided nature of my beloved husband, I feel that after a long wedded comradeship of unusual intimacy, I am wholly inadequate, and will give a brief biographical account and let those better fitted draw the picture.

Francis Bickford Hornbrooke was born in Wheeling, Va., (now West Va.), on May 7th, 1849. He was the only child of Thomas Bickford and Jane (Lopeman) Hornbrooke, who had been married the year previously. His grandfather, Dr. Jacob Hornbrooke, had come from Bristol, Eng., in 1820 with a second wife (Elizabeth Hosier) and a large family of children. His children by his first wife, all men and women grown, remained in England. A brother, Saunders Hornbrooke, had preceded him to this country two years before, and settled in the vicinity of Evansville, Ind.; buying a great tract of land and becoming almost at once a leader of affairs in his vicinity.

Dr. Jacob Hornbrooke had had service in the British army both in East and West India. He was a skilled chemist, and instead of going into the regular practice of medicine in Wheeling, he established chemical works and pursued the manufacture of drugs and dyes as a regular business. On the outbreak of the cholera, however, his experience in India enabled him to render great service to the community, as he was the only physician who had ever had any experience with it. He instructed other doctors and made medicine which was sold up and down the great river. He was often called in consultation in severe or unusual cases. Wheeling was at that time a rough border town and medical knowledge was at the minimum, and Dr. Hornbrooke impatiently asserted that it took more training in England to be a hostler than in Virginia to be a doctor.

Dr. Hornbrooke was an English radical in politics and he followed the fortunes of his cousin, Sir Francis Burdett* in the latter's campaigns for Parliament with so much enthusiasm that he seriously reduced his own fortune and thought it much easier to begin over in a new country. The social change to his wife was extremely hard. From the dignified and set régime of the English

*Sir Francis Burdett was the father of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the eminent philanthropist.



MR. HORN BROOKE AT TWENTY-THREE.

gentry to the free and easy life of a border mining town was a change indeed.

The Hornbrookes were originally Dutch, their ancestor, Sir Thomas Hornbrooke, going from Holland with William of Orange in 1688. The English descendants of Sir Thomas appear to have been more plentiful in Devonshire than anywhere else, Dr. Jacob coming from Bristol and his brother Saunders from Tavistock, where Hornbrooke Brothers had a woolen factory.

The name is said, by family tradition, to have come from the little town of Broeck on the Zuyder Zee near Amsterdam. Horn is a very common Dutch name and they were the "Horns of Broeck." The name is variously spelled, sometimes without any "e," sometimes with two, and sometimes with a final one.

My husband on his mother's side was of German and Scotch-Irish descent. He was proud of his cosmopolitan make-up, and said that the blood of four good races flowed in his veins. His father died at the early age of thirty-two, leaving his mother a widow at twenty-six years of age with a boy baby of a year and a half old and only narrow means of support. She married again in four or five years and in three years was left again a widow with another boy baby to care for.

My husband was educated in the Wheeling

public, or as they call them there, free schools. He was always an excellent scholar. I have yet a book given him as a prize for having the best account in his class in the Fifth Ward School. His old schoolmaster, Mr. McMechan, came to see us when we were visiting in Wheeling in 1879, and he told me with great pride and pleasure of what a promising pupil my husband had been and how he had always predicted a brilliant career for him. He was always full of fun, and in the family they told me what a pleasant, jolly little boy he had been. He was brought up in what we should call a very unhealthful way, but he seemed to thrive on it, was always well, and escaped most of the ills of childhood. His mother liked to sit up very late, and being timid, she kept him up for company, so when very young he would often sit up till eleven or twelve o'clock reading aloud to his mother, being called in the morning just in time for a hurried breakfast and a scurry to school.

His father and mother were both members of the Chapline Street Methodist Church, and he became very early interested in religion and joined the Methodist Church when twelve years old. As a child he always went, as a matter of course, to morning and afternoon service and sometimes to prayer meeting in the evening, but

that was a matter of choice. He throve on it, and always was amused when people thought their children could not bear the strain of church and Sunday School both. For a year or two he went to the Episcopal Sunday School as a matter of choice also, its meeting at a different hour from his own enabling him to do so, and all his life he loved the services of the Episcopal Church.

He always missed the father whom he had never known, and when we lived on Elmwood Street and his two little boys would run up to the train to meet him, he said that it gave him a lump in his throat even then, to think of the lonesome little boy who saw other children run to meet their fathers returning from work or business, and who would stand aside, with a half understood longing for a love he had never known.

One incident told me on this visit to Wheeling illustrates the character of the boy and also the man. When I was driving out with a cousin, he suddenly pulled up his horse and said "There is one of Bickford's (Mr. Hornbrooke was always called Bickford by his own people) schoolmates and he will want to meet you." We drew up to the sidewalk and a gentleman advanced and was introduced. When he heard my name he greeted me most enthusiastically, saying, "I suppose you know, Mrs. Hornbrooke, that I should

not be in the world excepting for your husband." I replied that I certainly did not know, but that it sounded very interesting, and asked him to tell me about it. He said that when he and Mr. Hornbrooke were school boys together of fourteen or so, they went skating with others on the Ohio River. He ventured too far towards the middle, where the current had weakened the ice, and it broke and let him through. He was slipping under the ice when Mr. Hornbrooke, who had seen his danger and had skated to his assistance, laid down on the thin and cracking ice, grabbed him by the collar and, holding him tightly, backed away from the danger, with the ice cracking under them, till they got near the shore. They went to another boy's house to have their clothes dried, so that the mothers should not have the shock of their coming home dripping, and neither was the worse for the experience which had been so full of danger to both. When I spoke of it to Mr. Hornbrooke he said, "Oh, that was only what any boy would have done," and never alluded to it again.

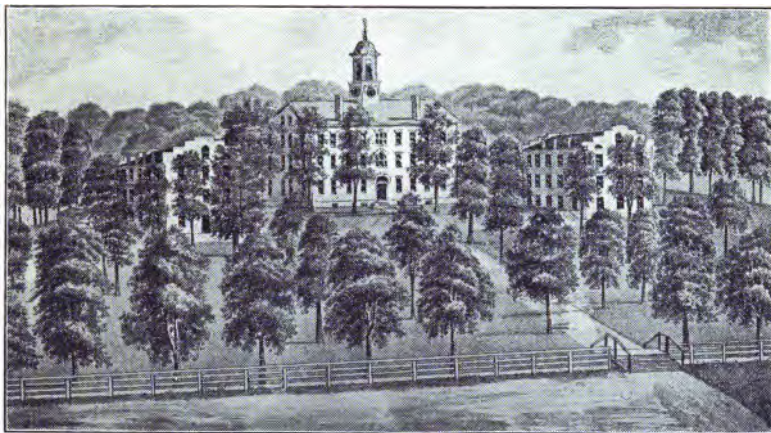
Dr. Jacob Hornbrooke brought up a large family in Wheeling, all sons but one, and though he was unable to give them the liberal education he had himself enjoyed, they became energetic and prosperous men of business and affairs, and

leading and public-spirited citizens. They were especially helpful to the new State of West Virginia in keeping it in the Union in the Civil War. The Hornbrookes—both what are locally called the “up-River Hornbrookes,” (the descendants of Dr. Jacob) and the “down-River Hornbrookes,” (the descendants of Saunders)—were a unit for the Union. Their patriotism was a passion. Jacob, the eldest son of Dr. Jacob, was a delegate from Virginia to the Chicago Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln, and served through the war as State Agent for West Virginia giving his time without pay to the sick and wounded soldiers. His brother Thomas was collector of the Port and a man of great capacity for business. When Secretary Stanton saw him he said: “Is this Thomas Hornbrooke? I thought there must be a dozen of you!” The young men of the family who were of suitable age were nearly all in the army. During the latter part of the war my husband tried to enlist, but was refused on account of his youth. This was always a matter of regret to him, for I never knew any one who had such an intense love of country. Those who heard his addresses on patriotic occasions will recall the fervor with which he spoke of his native land.

His love of learning began with early years.

There was no public library in Wheeling at that time, but there was a subscription library, but his mother could not afford the fee of five dollars, and he worked and saved for months till he had the money, and he told me with what joy he availed himself of the privilege when gained.

He early wished to go to college and become a minister, and his mother always sympathized with his desires and helped him as she was able. His uncles, however, did not in the least approve of his spending long years in preparation, and then embarking in an exacting profession from which only comparatively small pecuniary remuneration could be expected. The ministry in that vicinity was ill paid and they said they did not want a Hornbrooke to be "a poor devil of a minister," and for a while would not help him in his cherished plan. They put him into a hardware store to learn the business. Nothing could have been more utterly distasteful to him. After long hours in the store, he would get out his Latin books in the evening, and patiently go to studying. After this had gone on for some time his mother said, "Bickford, do you care so much to go to college?" "Yes, mother," he said, bursting into tears, "I can't give it up, I shall *never be satisfied* unless I go." His mother said, "Well, my son, you *shall* go; it shall be managed some



OHIO UNIVERSITY, ATHENS, O., IN ITS EARLY DAYS.

By courtesy of ALSTON ELLIS, Ph.D., LL.D., President of the University.

way." He did all sorts of things to earn money, carrying papers, working in a printing office and a cooper shop. He had to get up at three o'clock winter mornings to get through with his route of papers in time to go to school. After a time his uncles helped him and his mother moved to Athens, Ohio, to help the education of her son, and in 1866 he entered the Ohio State University. His college chum, Dr. Philip Zenner, the nerve specialist of Cincinnati, wrote me that he easily and quickly distanced his class in oratory and belles lettres and was already remarked for the breadth and variety of his reading. At this time and all his life, strange as it may appear to those who saw his ease and fluency of extemporaneous utterance, he was abnormally shy. He said that when he first went into the debating society his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth when he would get up to move to adjourn, which was his first effort. He soon became an eloquent and spirited debater and his repartees were noted for their wit and satire. His enormous will power made it possible for him to do public work in spite of the shyness he had to overcome.

He graduated with honors, and his graduating address so impressed one of the leading judges of Ohio as to his abilities, that he sent for him and told him that he thought that he ought to become

a lawyer, for his speech had what was rare in a college address—a logical beginning, middle and end,—and that if he chose to go into the law he would gladly take him into his office and help him all he could, for he believed that if he would give himself to it, an important career in the legal and political arena of the state awaited him. But the young man had already made his choice. He had preached to some extent during the last part of his college life and in the few months following his graduation, in various little hamlets in the mountains of West Virginia, having very interesting and often amusing experiences, and developing a trait which never left him of meeting easily and naturally all kinds of people. Mere boy, and unprepared as he was, the people found his ministrations acceptable, and he won many friends.

He came East and entered Harvard Divinity School in 1871 and was there two years, and then went one year to the Union Theological Seminary, where he graduated in June, 1874. During this time he suffered extremely in his mind from changing beliefs caused by his deeper theological and philosophical studies. His reverent spirit and love of historical ideals made it extremely hard for him to break away from the evangelical theology in which he had been reared; and yet his love of truth, his earnest following of his

thoughts, would not allow him to *appear to believe* what he had doubts of. In perplexity he once went to Phillips Brooks, then lately come to Boston, and poured out his doubts and anxieties to him. Dr. Brooks met his case with a large-hearted sympathy; many of the young man's anxieties had been his own, and he was perfectly sure that the Episcopal Church was just the place for an earnest young man who had a reverent spirit and yet liberal thought. But the young man was not satisfied that it would be so with him.

After his graduation from the Union Theological Seminary, where he had greatly enjoyed the learned teachings of Drs. Shedd and Schaff, he accepted a call to Union Congregational (Trinitarian) Church in East Hampton, Conn., a little manufacturing and farming town three miles from the Connecticut River, in the hill country. At the Council which examined him, he had some doubts as to whether the elderly ministers who were the fathers in the faith would find him sufficiently orthodox. In answer to the question, "What is your belief as to future punishment?" the candidate replied: "I believe that as long as a soul sins, it will be punished." The answer was considered satisfactory and they proceeded to the ordination, which occurred Thursday, Aug.

27, 1874. A press notice says that there was a large audience and that the singing was very fine. The salary was \$1000 a year, which was a generous one for such a small church of people in humble circumstances.

On the 18th of the following September Mr. Hornbrooke was married at the residence of her parents, 29 (now 53) Dunster street, Cambridge, to Orinda Althea, second daughter and fourth child of Harrison and Elizabeth (Prentiss) Dudley, to whom he had become engaged nearly two years before, while studying in Cambridge. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. C. C. Everett of Harvard Divinity School, a beloved professor and friend of Mr. Hornbrooke. The bride was of Puritan stock, being descended in the ninth generation from Gov. Thomas Dudley, the founder of Cambridge. The young couple proceeded at once to their new home and after a brief period of boarding, went to housekeeping for the winter in five rooms in the upper part of a house across the street from the church. Mr. Hornbrooke's delight at having his own home was unbounded.

Neither of the young people had ever lived in the country before and many things amused them which would have bored and annoyed people of maturer years and less high spirits.



UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
East Hampton, Conn.
From a painting.

The first time Mr. Hornbrooke was ever called upon to give a lecture a farmer came from a neighboring town, where a poor little church was trying to raise money for repairs. They had no settled minister. They thought they would have the new young minister, whose fame as a brilliant speaker was already spreading, to give an address in the audience room of the church, and afterwards they would have a supper in the vestry. Mr. Hornbrooke had no lectures prepared, but he revamped a college theme which had been commended, and we drove over to the place. All who ever knew Mr. Hornbrooke well, knew his love of a joke, and how its value was enhanced if it was on himself. In this conglomerate entertainment, the choir first sang "There's a good time coming." Then the chairman, very embarrassed at his unwonted duties, arose and said: "The choir have just been singing, 'There's a good time coming.' I wonder when that will be, but I suppose it will be at the nice supper *after the lecture*, and I now have the pleasure of introducing Rev. Mr. Hornbrooke of East Hampton." Neither the lecturer nor his wife dared to look at each other for fear they would go off into uncontrollable laughter. The young couple went home richer by five dollars, a large loaf of cake, an enormous bouquet, and the remembrance of an

amusing experience. Strangely enough, nobody else seemed to observe that that chairman had said anything unusual.

There were two sermons every Sunday and an evening meeting address, and the young minister studied hard to give the people his best. *They* would have been satisfied with half the effort, but *he* would not. His eloquence and liberal thought soon attracted the attention of other and larger parishes, and in March of 1875 he was unanimously called to the important South Congregational Church of the neighboring city of Middletown, at twice the salary he was receiving. This call, when he had been only a few months in the ministry, and was less than twenty-six years old, was one of the most flattering he ever received, for among the parishioners were ex-governors, judges, literary men, professors in the college and other people of prominence. He would have been glad to go, but it would be manifestly hard to leave a church so soon, though it was already evident that they could not gather his salary; but unselfish always, he left it for his church to decide, and they decided that they would *not* give him up.

The salary was paid in small quantities, which was a very great inconvenience to the young couple, who had a horror of debt. Mr. Horn-

brooke had his overcoat stolen, and went without one in the extremely cold winter of 1874-5, rather than go in debt for another, which, with a parish spread around for miles over that bleak hill country, was a considerable hardship.

In the spring of 1875, they moved into a pleasant cottage house, where they lived for the remaining year and a half of their stay in East Hampton. In December of 1875 their oldest son, Dudley, was born at the home of Mrs. Hornbrooke's parents in Cambridge.

Meanwhile, study and meditation were making it clear to Mr. Hornbrooke that he would feel freer in a liberal church, for while he believed more than most Unitarians, and while there were tendencies among them of intellectual self-satisfaction and lack of reverence, which he then and always deplored, still, as he often said, it was safer ground to be with those where one believed more than less. All this was a painful change, for though his Unitarian wife would be glad to have him in her faith, the change was most unwelcome to his mother. The Unitarian ministers who had been in her part of the country had not been men who would win reverent souls to their faith. They had been radical and eccentric individuals who were much more earnest to ridicule and tear down the tenets of Orthodoxy than to build up

religion, and it was a bitter thing to his mother to see her son inclining to what seemed to her a form of infidelity. She made him a long visit in the summer of 1875, and after many earnest talks she reluctantly conceded that there were good people in all denominations. But the mother did not live to see the change. Although a woman of most unusual health and strength, hardly having been ill in her life, she died suddenly of apoplexy in September, 1875, at the comparatively early age of fifty-one. She was a most remarkably youthful looking woman to be the mother of a grown son. For several months she had a premonition of death, which seemed strange in an apparently well person, but which was realized in a startling way.

In the summer of 1876, while on his vacation, Mr. Hornbrooke preached at the Unitarian Church in Weston, Mass., the pulpit of which had become vacant by the death of its honored and sainted minister, Rev. Dr. Edmund H. Sears, author of the noblest Christmas hymns in our language. They were greatly drawn to him and soon called him. Although the proffered salary was only what was given in East Hampton, and only half as much as had been offered at Middletown, it was so congenial to him to be called to a conservative Unitarian parish that had been



FIRST PARISH CHURCH, WESTON, MASS.
Former Building.

trained by such a saintly man as Dr. Sears, that, as usual in his life, pecuniary considerations were ignored and he cast his lot with people of the liberal faith and henceforth for the rest of his life worked with them.

His work in Weston was entirely congenial and these were among his happiest years. The people were kind and cultivated and able to appreciate the best that he could do. The widow of Dr. Sears put her husband's library at his command. While there he took the final year at Harvard Divinity School, graduating in 1877 and representing the Divinity School in a graduating address at Commencement. President Hayes was present. A parsonage was built and Mr. Hornbrooke looked forward to a long, quiet, studious pastorate.

But the older ministers of the denomination said, "This will never do; we need strong young men who can really preach; most of them are merely essayists; it is your duty to your denomination to do a larger work. This parish is full of good people who are settled in their faith; you must do more soldierly work." Rev. Dr. Hosmer talked in this strain to both Mr. Hornbrooke and his wife. Several calls were refused, but finally Dr. Hosmer spoke so earnestly of the need of a strong worker to take up the activities

that his aged hands were about to lay down in the city of Newton that when the call came it was cordially accepted. A call was pending from Quincy at the same time.

Though his clerical friends were for the most part pleased with the call, some of his literary friends were not, saying that the commercial spirit of the place would smother him. But the die was cast. It was hard to leave beloved Weston. All had been pleasant. The people had been kind and appreciative. While there Mr. Hornbrooke had supplied the church at Lincoln during the summer months. As there was a preaching service in Weston in the evening, it made three services a day, which was clearly too much, even for this robust and enthusiastic young man, who was never so happy as when in the exercise of his beloved profession.

The years in his country parishes were years of intense and fruitful study. At East Hampton, when he went with his wife on visits to her home in Cambridge, he haunted Bartlett's book store on Cornhill, where for thirty years he purchased most of his books, returning with all the cash that could possibly be spared put into the works of great writers. His wife gladly seconded him in this, knowing that the workman must have his tools. It was then that he made that intense and

intimate study of the works of Cardinal Newman and Frederick W. Robertson, for which he afterwards became noted. He formed the habit, which he kept up for twenty-five years, of reading a portion of the Greek Testament immediately on going to his study after breakfast. Month after month, and year after year, as he finished at Revelation he began back at Matthew, reading with the best helps that the early Fathers of the Church and modern criticism give. When asked about it, he replied that it was a man's business to know his own profession; in the limits of a life-time he could not do much more, and as the Bible was the greatest book of religion he proposed to know it as well as he could. This resulted in a knowledge of the Scriptures that Dr. C. H. Leonard of Tufts College told the writer was not equalled by any other minister of the Unitarian faith. The early years and all the years of Mr. Hornbrooke's ministry were busy years.

Mr. Hornbrooke was installed at Newton over the Channing Religious Society, Oct. 5, 1879, his former professor, Rev. Dr. Frederic H. ~~Hodges~~, *Hedge*, preaching the sermon. He lived for the first five years on Washington street. A second son, named Francis Bickford, for his father, was born on Christmas, 1879.

It soon became evident after coming to Newton

that by the great increase of Sunday trains on the Boston & Albany Railroad at the rear of the church on Washington street, that the location was fast becoming an impossible one to hold Sunday services comfortably. The vestry was damp and unsuitable for the work of the Sunday School. Many would not, on that account, send their children. There being no church parlors, it was necessary to hold the charitable and social gatherings in Cole's Hall. There was no room for the increasing congregation. Evidently the time was ripe—and pastor and people felt it—for a change, but it involved much sacrifice. A large lot of land had wisely been secured some time before. Nearly all agreed that there must be a new church building, but as to how large, what kind, and how expensive there were many minds. All this was of great interest and anxiety to the minister. He was glad for them to have a handsome building of stone if it could be comfortably afforded, but all he insisted upon was that the building should be sufficiently commodious to do the church work in and *that there should be no debt.*

A building committee was chosen of able men who put their knowledge of business into the work, and the people gave generously for their beautiful new church, but unexpected obstacles



CHANNING CHURCH, NEWTON, MASS.
Original building.

came up and there *was* a debt, to the terrible and wearing anxiety of the minister.

The corner stone of the new church was laid on the afternoon of April 7, 1881. The watching of the building was the greatest delight to the minister. Rain or shine, he went every afternoon to visit the new church. He became acquainted with every workman on the building and was loved and admired and claimed by them as a friend. The church was dedicated Tuesday afternoon, May 23, 1882, Rev. Francis G. Peabody of Cambridge preaching the sermon. Great was the happiness of pastor and people at coming to one of the most beautiful and convenient churches in the country. There was a large increase in numbers in the congregation. It was possible for every branch of the church work to be better done.

But that dreadful debt was soon felt to be a drag. People had given what they felt that they could and did not expect to be called on again, but the interest was felt to be a burden. It is said that every great church building kills one minister. The building of the new church was a joy and an inspiration, but the harrowing anxieties to pay off the debt, undoubtedly laid the foundation for that subtle disease which led to the minister's death. One ministerial friend said

to him, "Hornbrooke, that noble church will be your monument." "Oh," he said, "if they don't get it paid for soon it will be my tomb." One of our dear elder members said to his wife, "Don't let Mr. Hornbrooke worry so about the church debt, it isn't his debt." But he really felt that it was his personal obligation, but few outside of his own family knew what he suffered. But he was always the most loyal of the loyal, and he never allowed any one even by implication to put a slight on his beloved church and people.

When a neighboring church, whose building had accommodately burned down, allowing them a generous sum for insurance as a help to their new building, had their house warming, Mr. Hornbrooke was invited. In the speeches one after another dwelt with pride and pleasure on their good fortune in having no debt. Mr. Hornbrooke was called on for remarks, and after warm congratulations he said that the church to which he ministered had not been so fortunate in escaping a debt, but if their *insurance* had been equal to their *assurance* they too would have been free.

In January, 1883, All Souls Church of New York City called Mr. Hornbrooke to succeed their late minister, the noted Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows. Dr. Bellows had met Mr. Hornbrooke

often and his fatherly love and pride in his young friend's career were well known. No call could have been a greater tribute to his ministerial standing, for All Souls was then considered the most important post in the Unitarian body. The salary was \$7000 and Mr. Hornbrooke was receiving \$3000 from Channing Church. Most of his friends expected him to go, as it seemed to be the place where his scholarship and great oratorical ability would have full recognition. But Channing Church was not paid for and the people felt that it would cause them great loss to change their pastorate at such a critical time; and so this noble soul, with a genius for self-sacrifice, turned from the opportunity of his life to serve a people who after years are beginning to know how much he loved them. The church increased his salary to \$4500, which became hard to raise, and a few years later he voluntarily reduced it to \$4000.

Many were the visits and letters from church committees in the next few years representing the claims of vacant pulpits, but he had cast his lot with Channing Church and expected to live and die its minister. He was much called upon for ordinations, installations, Unitarian Club speeches and various denominational occasions.

He was several times elected on the School Committee and at different times gave ten years

of service to that important part of the city work. His fellow-members bear witness to his independence of thought, but his unvarying courtesy to the opinions of others, however different from his own, and his conscientious fidelity to every duty of the office. Mr. Sawin, late master of the Bigelow School, has told me of his great helpfulness in giving addresses on various occasions to his school.

Busy as he was in his beloved vocation as a Christian minister, he found time for deep and close study of the best literature. He was one of the foremost students and exponents of Browning in the world. He was a member of the Boston Browning Society and at one time its president. He was always counted on to fill any gap in a programme. He wrote many papers and gave many addresses on different poems of Browning and left a nearly complete manuscript book on "The Ring and the Book." He gave papers on "The Religion in Browning's Poetry," "The Ring and the Book," "Caponsacchi," "Pompilia," "The Two Lawyers," "The Pope," "Saul," "Mr. Sludge the Medium," and many others. He gave many courses of literary lectures in the chapel of Channing Church, to which all were gladly welcome. His reading of poetry was remarkable. It was intense with emotion, and yet so restrained



DR. HORN BROOKE AT FORTY.

that one wondered what it would be if the reader should really let his emotions go. It recalled the regretful saying of college friends that one of the greatest actors of the age had been spoiled when Hornbrooke took to the pulpit.

His reading of hymns was so fine that Judge Pitman said he always had a sense of loss when, to shorten the service, he gave out a hymn to be sung without reading it. "Skip the singing if need be," the Judge would say, "but not the reading."

During all this time Mr. Hornbrooke preached by preference, and also by the wish of his people, for the most part extemporaneously. But there was nothing extemporaneous in the preparation. Every sermon was the result of study and careful thought. He all his life hated the constraint of sitting and writing anything out. The thinking and preparation was a delight, but the mechanical work of writing remained all his life irksome. Excepting for the urgency of his wife he would seldom have written out a sermon; but she felt that he got almost no rest out of an exchange of pulpits when the sermon had to be prepared or recalled, so he made it a rule to write out one sermon fully every month, and of many of the others he made very full notes which he often left at home. Usually when he exchanged he took a

written sermon, often to the disappointment of people who usually much preferred to have him speak without notes.

Mr. Hornbrooke's sympathetic understanding of people's sorrows, and his helpful and comforting services at funerals, was one of the most blessed things in his ministry. He always made a funeral service the subject of prayerful meditation. He would shut himself alone in his study, and walk up and down with his hands behind him, thinking of what comfort he might give to bereaved hearts. When the service came and the departed one was spoken of in prayer or address, there was such an illumination of that life that it seemed to the waiting hearts as if their dear one had been known in the closest intimacy. He never falsified, but he said we all had a right to be judged by our best. And so in his great Christian heart he did, as far as he was able, judge all men.

He most firmly and reverently believed in the ordinances of the Christian church, in baptism, in the observance of the Lord's Supper, and the definite joining of the church. He thought it reduced the Church of Christ to the status of a club when, as is the practice in many churches of our denomination, the candidate for membership merely signs his name in a book.

He deplored the growing feeling that a church is successful according to the variety and extent of its musical and social functions. While in communities where the social side of life might otherwise be neglected, these should not be ignored, yet the upbuilding of religious life was the *real* work of the church.

Although strangely indifferent to publication, his sermons were often called for and frequently appeared in print. One sermon in 1896, on "Strengthen the Things that Remain," was copied into twelve different papers. In the collection of the Boston Browning Club papers Mr. Hornbrooke gave a paper on "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." In a volume published by the American Unitarian Association called "Unitarianism, its Origin and History," he gave a paper on "Unitarianism in Literature." In "The Spiritual Life" he gave a paper on "The Devotional Literature of England." In "Spirit and Truth" he gave the chapter on "The Thought of God in the Bible." In the New England Magazine he had a paper on "Judge Paul Dudley."

Dr. Hornbrooke was a close student of German theology and philosophy, reading in the original Bauer, Schleiermacher, Pfleiderer and others. In the Unitarian Review of June, 1885, he had an article on "German Mysticism in the Fourteenth

Century." In the same Review of September, 1887, he had a paper on "Religious Thoughts in Browning," and in August, 1882, an article on "The Religious Outlook." In "The Unitarian" he had sermons published occasionally. In "Poet Lore" of July, 1889, he had a paper on "Teachings of the Ring and the Book;" in March, 1893, "What Should be a Poet's Attitude to his Critics?"

Nothing that he ever did excited more interest and kindly criticism than his paper on "Cardinal Newman" in the Andover Review for August, 1885. It attracted more attention in England than in this country; the English praised the American divine who could write in such a sympathetic and broad-minded way of a man of a faith so different from his own. Roman Catholic friends hoped soon to claim him for their own. But it was a characteristic of the man that he could be absolutely intellectually fair to those who differed radically from him, and yet hold firmly to his own standpoint. After his paper on "Swedenborg," New Church friends wrote enthusiastic letters, saying that they were willing to take his exposition of their great leader. The Methodists had his sermon on "John Wesley" published in the Centennial number of "Zion's Herald."

One unusual characteristic of Mr. Hornbrooke



DR. HORN BROOKE AT FORTY-SEVEN.

Photo by Marshall, Boston.

was that he would never go far away on his vacations, so he never got full rest. For twenty years he was always on call for any service. He said, "I go away for a while, but I am the minister of Channing Church twelve months of the year." When going away he left his address with the officers of the church, with the local newspapers and the undertaker, so that in case he was wanted there would be no anxious delay. It happened on some vacations that he was called home several times, occasionally not at all, but he was always ready.

He had great pleasure and profit in his membership in the Tuesday Club, (a club of twenty-five literary gentlemen of Newton,) to which he was elected the February following his coming to Newton, and which he attended only the Tuesday preceding his death. In the souvenir of the Tuesday Club on the completion of its twenty-fifth year I find him accredited with more papers than any other member. He often filled the place of a member unable to take his turn in writing. The range of his subjects was wide—literary, historical and philosophical. Some of the subjects were: "The French Revolution," "Tolstoi and his Writings," "Matthew Arnold," "John Calvin," "Goethe's Faust," "Jonathan Edwards and the Great Awakening," "The Worth of History,"

"Marcus Aurelius." A paper left by him on "The Higher Criticism of the Bible," was read by Rev. Mr. Hudson after he had passed from sight.

He enjoyed to the utmost the companionship of his professional brethren. I never knew one who had the feeling of comradeship so strong. He rarely missed a meeting of the Boston Ministers' Club or of the Association of Ministers In and About Cambridge, in both of which he was a valued member. They were red-letter days to him when he had the privilege of the meeting at his own home.

During the last fifteen years of his life and particularly the last ten he gave nearly every winter courses of literary lectures in parlors in Boston, Newton and elsewhere. There were several courses on Browning, Shakespeare and Milton. Those who attended them found his expositions of poetry most uplifting. Even his reading was so interpretative that one came to a fuller understanding for it. One lady said to me: "When I read Browning by myself I can make little of it; when I hear Dr. Hornbrooke read it I wonder I found any difficulty."

Dr. Hornbrooke had a personality of remarkable attractiveness and distinction. In a strange place people would turn and ask "Who is he?" He was just six feet tall, but had such an abund-

ant mass of dark brown wavy hair that it added to his apparent height. His eyes were a changing dark grey that were usually thought to be black. He had a dark, ruddy complexion and strongly marked features. He grew to look his clerical profession as he grew older, and this, with his noble and kindly bearing, drew all troubled people to him as a magnet draws steel. It was amazing, when on any little journey, the number of flurried and bewildered old women and mothers overburdened with many children that he found occasion to help. The poor found in him a friend to whom they could look up, but never felt that he looked down to them.

The sword was fast, but unconsciously, wearing out the sheath. Although outwardly so calm he was a person of extreme sensitiveness, and most intense emotional nature. All his interests were intellectual. He thought he rested by going from theology and the preparation of sermons to the study of history and literature, but such was his earnestness that he made it another kind of work just as faithfully done.

For several years the steady, unceasing work of bringing fresh thought to the same congregation, week after week, with his lofty ideal of what a preacher should do, told on his powerful physique and robust constitution. He had times of deep

discouragement, unsuspected excepting by those who stood nearest to him. In fact, his optimistic soul had a vein of deep melancholy common to all aspiring and poetic natures. With Browning he could say: "A man's reach should always exceed his grasp," but he longed with all his strong soul to see more result from his work. "The heart-break of the ministry," he would say to his wife, "is not work,—I should be glad to work twice as hard, but that no one cares whether the work is done or not." "If I had wanted to make money, I would have gone into business, if I had wanted public place I should have gone into law and politics; but I wanted to help people to better living and clearer thinking and a knowledge of God, and *I have done so little.*"

A part of this discouragement was no doubt caused by mental and physical fatigue. A severe form of the real Western chills and fever, contracted while in college, from an open unused canal, so poisoned his system that a chill or extra fatigue might at any time bring on a severe attack of malaria, while in the spring he seldom escaped. This he said as little about as possible, for he said that other people had much harder things to bear.

He needed a real vacation long before he had it. When it came it was already too late to fully



CHANNING CHURCH, NEWTON, MASS.

Photo by Ellis Moore.

restore him. In 1899, by the generosity of his parish, he was enabled to take a trip to Europe, for which he had longed for years but felt himself unable to afford.

He had all his life been a close student of history and a hero-worshipper, and more than the art and scenery, which he enjoyed, was his intense interest in visiting the scenes of great struggles and where great souls had suffered and endured for conscience' sake. At Constance he visited the place where John Huss was tried and also where he was martyred; at Zurich he went into the church and pulpit of Zwingli; at Oxford, we had not been in the city a half hour before his unerring footsteps found the martyr place. While he pitied their sufferings, he exulted that men could die for the right.

At Waterloo, while his wife sat and for the first time heard the larks sing, he got the whole battle that decided the fate of Europe arranged in his mind.

On coming home he seemed much better for a while. His college, Ohio University, this year (1899) conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

For a while all went well, but ill health increased; in the spring of 1900 the specialist consulted told his wife that her husband was the

sickest man he ever saw keep on his feet.

He resigned from the church to which he had consecrated the best energies of his noble life in June, 1900.

Nothing showed the nobility of his life more than the patience with which he bore this trying time.

Though never well, he still lectured and preached as occasion offered, doing what would seem to most men full work. In the summer he supplied the church at Lincoln to which he had ministered years before. He preached at the church in Dedham for nearly a year before his death.

In the fall of 1903 it seemed to his wife that he was considerably stronger. Everything that he did was of a high order. He delighted the Browning Society with one of his most characteristic speeches; it was wise and witty and in his best vein. His pulpit work in Dedham was of the highest order, but the end was fast coming.

On Saturday, Dec. 5th, 1903, when apparently as well as usual, he went out of his house, fell on the sidewalk, and while friends gathered to help, his strong, pure spirit passed.

The Sunday after he passed, eulogistic remarks were made on him from the pulpit of every church in the city of Newton, both Catholic and

Protestant. The last loving services for Dr. Hornbrooke were held on Tuesday, Dec. 8, in Channing Church where he had ministered so long and faithfully. His most intimate ministerial friend, Dr. James De Normandie of Roxbury, preached the sermon. The church was thronged with those who sadly came to pay their last tribute of love and respect to the one who, as the speaker beautifully said, "had opened to them the way of the higher life, who had been strength in their weakness, hope in their despair, comfort in their trouble, light in their perplexity, and added joy to their happiness."

He looked like a conqueror fallen asleep. He was buried in Cambridge Cemetery, and his grave heaped over with flowers from loving friends.

The words from the Apocrypha might well be placed over him as over another kingly soul :*

"He being made perfect in a short time fulfilled a long time ;

For his soul pleased the Lord.

Therefore hastened He to take him away from the wicked."

*Albert, Prince Consort.

DR. HORN BROOKE'S FUNERAL.

[From the Newton Graphic, Friday, Dec. 11, 1903.]

Channing Church was filled with a representative gathering on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock when the funeral services were held. The audience included clergymen of all denominations, representatives of many clubs and organizations to which Dr. Hornbrooke belonged and men and women prominent in the business, social and intellectual life of the city and vicinity. The floral tributes were very beautiful.

Messrs. Howard B. Coffin, Charles H. Breck, Edward Sawyer and Abraham Byfield were the bearers and Messrs. Charles A. Drew, Bruce R. Ware, Lewis E. Coffin, Fred A. Wetherbee, A. W. B. Huff and Robert D. Holt were the ushers.

The services began with scriptural passages recited by Dr. De Normandie, followed by a brief invocation. The Albion quartet sang Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," followed by scripture reading by Rev. A. L. Hudson. Dr. De Normandie then delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY REV. JAMES DENORMANDIE, D. D.

Of our friend, with whom, perhaps, I have been more intimate than any other of his brethren in the ministry for twenty-five years, I need not say much to this parish or to this community. You, too, have known him and loved him. For a quarter of a century he has come in and gone out among you as a strong and commanding man, whose words of wisdom and comfort have been guidance and stay for a whole generation. As a preacher this beautiful church bears witness to his popularity and influence, to the confidence and love which you bestowed on him. Called to be the successor in New York of one of the greatest preachers in America, he chose the prosperity, the sympathy and the affection which here cushioned him around. Here was nothing sensational, nothing that in the common sense we call oratory—only the influence of a strong thinker, of a persistent student, of a well stored mind, of a fine literary taste, of great intellectual capacity and a most happy gift of bearing to this people the truth of Christianity and the spirit of that sweet apostle of spiritual things whose name this church bears. To the illustration of this truth he brought constantly the choicest treasures from the wisdom of the ages, with which he was familiar beyond most of

his profession. From this storehouse, too, he was never wanting in readiness to utter helpful advice for every question of public or private interest which arose in this community.

The first thought which always comes to us when such a strong and gifted life falls instantly in the midst of its power for usefulness and its desire to do more than ever in the tremendous problems of our busy and perplexed age, is the sense of incompleteness, of loss, of waste. It were easy to have many drop away without much sense of loss. But there are those who have the power for doing much whom we do not like to have fall asleep before night, or to note the paths of work blocked up toward which the will eagerly strains, and energies restricted within an ever narrowing circle which would have an ever widening field. Some gulf between the desire and accomplishment is there, revealing the strength at its lowest when the ideal is at the very highest. Nature seems prodigal and wasteful, but there is no economy like hers, even for every atom. What must it be for every soul? We might talk of loss when men die in the fullness of their power, if when they died we thought that power was extinguished. But that is not our faith. The thought is impossible with any faith in immortality. Life is only developed, ennobled, set to do its work better, with its range free from limitations.



**DR. HORN BROOKE'S RESIDENCE,
Lombard Street, Newton.**

His home from 1894 until his death.

Has this life closed too soon? Too soon, when we take counsel with the affections. Our poor fond hearts do so cling to these beloved and demand the sight of the eyes and the continuance of these visible ties, and do feel so desolate in the anguish of heart. Not too soon from the higher plane of thought and feeling, from the plane of the soul, the serene height of faith. The end, the transition, was not when or as we should have had it, perhaps. I should like to ask when it would come if it were left for us to mark the time when the hand should stop on the dial or the hour strike. It is a diviner vision and a greater power and a tenderer love which arranged all that.

“ In His vast world above,
A world of broader love,
God hath some grand employment for His son.”

For years to come there are many in this church and in this community, many more who in all these years have been going away from this fold, who will hold very sacredly in their most secret heart the memory of our friend who has opened to them the way of the higher life, who has been strength to their weakness, hope to their despair, comfort to their trouble, light to their perplexity and added joy to their happiness. And when it seemed to him better and to others better

to give up his work here, since then he has suffered—suffered as only a great, strong man with great gifts can suffer. Few know how he has suffered, and we have suffered with him. But we are glad to think that from all that he has found deliverance and repose. And if he could speak to us today do you not think he would say, “If ye loved me ye would rejoice because I said, I go unto the Father.”

What this sudden and unrealized loss is to that inner circle privileged to be at one with this life in all its deepest experiences of hope and joy, of aspiration and disappointment, or of the void and the nameless longing and loneliness where all the ties of home and heart, of husband, father, kindred, friend, are severed, we may not now venture to speak. But they will be grateful as long as they live for all that comes up to them in the quiet hours of meditation, of blessed memories, of companionship and helpfulness, of devotion and affection, of that influence which belongs to what is unseen and eternal; and they will say, “Blessed be thy name, O God, for the love of all these years, and blessed be thy name that with gracious and tender loving kindness Thou hast opened to him the paths of higher service.”

“Death takes us by surprise
And stays our hurrying feet ;

The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

“ But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge’s arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.”

The separation is always hard. The heart knows its own bitterness and for a while loves to dwell upon it—perhaps ought to dwell upon it. But it is the bitterness of the parting, I tell you, my friends, which brings the immortal hope. We ask, Are the infinite purposes frustrated, or are we only listening to a broken cadence, to an unfinished tale to be told out elsewhere? It is in the presence of death that we only begin to believe in the eternal life.

It has been a suggestion of the naturalists that the air has impressed upon its eddying currents every sound it has ever received, and that its reverberations carry all the words that man has uttered on and on through the endless ages. The idea may at least afford illustration of how every good deed and every helpful service and every true word or life stamp themselves indelibly in some shape or other on the progressive fortunes of our race and are handed down through the long stream of time and know no annihilation. The voice that has ceased to fill the ears of man may still be recover-

able to the ears of those of other realms, audible to the mysterious world of music of the air. And the good name and aspirations, the strong efforts and struggles, the high desires and resolves, even if sometimes overcome and now forgotten upon earth, are registered immortally in the pages of the Book of Life. It is ever the story of old—a cloud has received him out of our sight. The veil of the future is never lifted, and because it is not we are quite sure that it has fallen around us from that same Eternal Goodness which so often has made this life so beautiful and grateful to our hearts.

“What to us is shadow unto him is day,
And the end he knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth,”

but a way which truth, fidelity and love make straight and shining to the eternal home.

Let us pray :

O Thou infinite and eternal Father, who art always most near unto Thy children when they do most need Thy help, be with us, we beseech Thee, in these moments when we are touched by the sense of great loss, of grateful memories and of the blessed hope of immortality. We come to Thee because we need a guidance that is surer than ours, an arm that is stronger than ours to

lean upon, counsels that are wiser than ours, and an aim that is higher than earth can give. So we gather at Thy altar as Thy children always have done, that amidst the tumults and tribulations, the sorrows and the troubles of life, they may find something of the peace of Thy holy spirit. And we thank Thee that that spirit, entering into the souls of consecrated lives in all ages, has given them power to throw some light upon the problems of life, the counsels of God and the riches of Christ, and borne upward into the spiritual realms to bring down answers of peace and comfort to troubled spirits.

We thank Thee for our brother who so long has ministered at this altar ; for the comfort he has brought to so many, for the words of cheer and hope which have fallen like the sunbeams of this lovely day into so many hearts. Bless, we beseech Thee, all those to whom the memories come back of this faithful minister who has gone along these streets year after year and into these homes, bearing comfort and counsel and hope and joy. Help us to come unto Thee as he has so often borne us up to the throne of grace. And now Thou hast opened to him the eternal joys, and how many are there to greet him, those whom he has counseled and comforted and inspired here. May there be no fear nor terror in this last

message, only a glad deliverance, only the opening of the prison doors to let the captive soul go free. And so, without any doubts of Thine infinite love, Thou who hast said, "All souls are mine," we give this spirit back to Thee. God of all comfort and of all consolation, let Thy blessing rest upon those to whom this loss comes nearest, who have felt this life growing only dearer to them year after year. May they know it is the same Eternal Goodness which has given to them these unbroken ties and let not the shadow of this unrealized loss hide them from the light of Thy love, but only open to them that other world we are so apt to forget in the midst of the joys and the companionships and the successes of this, as the night reveals a world which we cannot see by day. Draw near unto these hearts, we beseech Thee, with the assurance that when Thou dost call away no harm happens to the departed and Thou hast a place for those that are left behind. Let Thy blessing rest upon all those bound unto our brother by ties of kindred, of friendship or of companionship, that as one after another drops away from us, our companionship in the heavens may be to us only a more certain thing.

Let Thy blessing rest upon this church, and upon all for the sympathy and generosity, the loyalty and the faith which they have borne to

our brother, and touched by the solemn ministrations of death may each one say in his heart that more than ever this church shall be a centre of beautiful Christian activities, of Christian fellowship and of Christian faith.

Be with us as tenderly, reverently, we bear this body to its final resting place. Help us to bear in our hearts the admonition of this hour; and when we see that at a moment we think not of, our loved ones may drop away, when we know not what an hour or a day may bring forth, and when others shall be rendering to us the service we now render to our brother, help us that our loins may be girded and our lamps trimmed and burning as those that wait for their Master. So, Father, support us through all the varied experiences of this life, until the shadows gather over us and the evening comes on and the busy world is still and the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then graciously take us to thy higher service forever and forever, and unto Thee in the spirit and the faith of Jesus will we give all the praise and the glory, world without end. Amen.

The quartet sang Whittier's hymn beginning "Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight," which had been one of Dr. Hornbrooke's favorite hymns. The closing prayer by Dr. De Normandie was as follows :

Grant, O Thou infinite and eternal Father, that we mourn not and sorrow not as those who are without the promises of Thy gospel of everlasting life, but as those who through this mortal have faith in the immortal which is beyond. Comfort us with the thought of that reunion which is our only and our dearest consolation. Confirm unto us this faith which has been set before us in the life and in the teachings of Jesus Christ. And unto Thee in His spirit and faith do we give all the praise and the glory, world without end. Amen.

The services closed with the singing of Whittier's hymn, "The Eternal Goodness," by the quartet.







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HORNBROOKE, Orinda A. D.

AUTHOR

In Memoriam.

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